

## THE HONEY IN FLOWERS.

**Pits and Pockets in Which It Is Carefully Concealed.**

Before "the bee sucks," as Ariel put it, he must find the wonderful places where the flowers hide away their honey, to be found like the priests' hiding holes in ancient mansions by the right sort of visitor, and to keep away all intruders.

In the recesses of the crown imperial lily at the center can be seen six large honey pits, one on every floral leaf, and each is brimming over with a big drop of honey and glistening like a tear drop. Shake the flower and it "weeps" as the big drops fall from it, soon to be replaced by other tears in the rapidly secreting flower. The simple folk call the flower "Job's tears."

The snowdrop is literally flowing with honey, for in swollen veins traversing its fragile whiteness are rivers of nectar. The petals of the columbine are ingeniously and elaborately designed with a view to providing good places of hiding for the honey. Each is circular, hollow, shaped like a horn. In each the honey is secreted in a round knob at which would be the mouthpiece end of the horn, and the five are arranged in a ring side by side with the honey knobs aloft. Though the honey store is obvious from without, yet the insects who would sip it must creep into the flower and penetrate with a long nose up the curving horn to the knob.

Sometimes the petals are all joined together into a tube, and the sweet nectar simply exudes from the inner side of the wall and collects at the bottom. This is the case in the dead nettle, the tube of which forms so toothsome a morsel that some children call it "suckies." The honeysuckle is similarly planned, and its sweetness is so striking as to have furnished its name.

The monkshood has quaint nectaries. If the hood be drawn back there suddenly spring into sight two objects on long stalks which are sometimes like a French horn, sometimes like a cowl or, looked at sideways, not unlike a pair of doves. Their presence within the hood has provided the nicknames Adam and Eve and Noah's Ark. Thus the honey bags are carefully tucked away and protected.—Chicago Tribune.

## Gold the First Metal Used.

Gold was probably the first metal known to man, because it is generally found native. The oldest metallic objects to which we can assign a probable date were found in a royal tomb at Nagada, in Egypt, supposed to have been that of King Menes. In one of the chambers were some bits of gold and a bead, a button and a fine wire of nearly pure copper. If the tomb was properly identified, these objects were at least 6,300 years old at the time of their discovery. Nearly all the ancient gold that has been examined contains enough silver to give it a light color. It was gathered by the ancients in the bed of the Pactolus and other streams of Asia Minor.

## He Was Noncommittal.

A Philadelphian who crosses the Atlantic several times each year happened during his last visit to London to be out on the street quite early one morning. He had noticed that the reflected light gave the sun the appearance of being in the west.

To a policeman he met the Quaker City man pointed out the place from which the sunlight seemed to stream. "Ah," said he jocularly, "so the sun rises in the west in London?"

"As to that, sir," replied the officer, with great dignity, "I really can't say."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## INSTINCT OR REASON?

**What a Nature Student Has Observed in Birds and Animals.**

Along the hillsides where my home is placed crows assemble in vast numbers. Is it only instinct that leads them to set a sentinel on guard when they pull corn or maraud the birds' nests? Blackbirds do the same, and they have kept me on a merry chase—merry for them—just at church time, to get them out of my corn. But in Florida these same birds do not set a guard

while hopping all over our gardens. Why? I think because they are catching bugs and know they will not offend us. Crows roost at a distance from their nests. Why? I think the reason is that they are afraid of endangering the limbs where the nests are placed.

Co-operative moral order sends the kingbird today to join the crow in fighting the deadly hawk, but another day I find him fighting the same crow that is stealing a young robin for his dinner. Why do the English sparrows not invade my acres at Clinton? They are all about me in vast numbers, just across the street, and they jabber in crowds quite within my hearing, yet hardly once or twice a year does a single sparrow show himself inside my line. If this is instinct, it is very recently acquired instinct, for I had a serious task in teaching them that it was unsafe to intrude.

Why do my bees refuse to allow one of my hired men to approach the hives? It cannot be instinct, although I confess I cannot trace out the logic involved. Why do two of my hens follow a cow hour after hour about the pasture? Not instinct, I am certain, but these two have discovered what the others have not, that the cow's motions stir up grasshoppers and crickets. After my father's death his dog led strangers into the house, holding their hands in his teeth, and he watched to see if harm was meant. Was that good logic or was it mere instinct?

During a warm summer shower I saw an anglerworm try to draw a stick into its hole, holding it by the middle. After a vain effort of this sort, it deliberately felt its way to the end of the stick and then drew it easily into the ground. Its dinner of soft bark was secured. Was this incipient reason? What instinct could have taught that logical process. Science published my notes on the subject at the time with approval. Personally, I do not believe that there is an entire absence of these logical processes from any part of living nature—not even from the ovoid cell in which life first appears. I am convinced that the universe is charged with reason and that instinct is only a byproduct of universal thought.—E. P. Powell in Independent.

## Alas, Poor Kids.

"This book," remarked the house to house merchant as he dexterously inserted one foot in the doorway and smiled pleasantly, "is well named 'The Mother's Guide.' With its aid you can bring up your children properly."

His victim thoughtfully examined the binding and felt the weight of the book. Then she gripped it by the edge with her right hand and brought it down, whack, on the other.

To the astonished salesman she appeared to be trying to see how convenient it was to handle. But for what purpose?

"I don't think I'll take one," she remarked at last. "I'm sure it's no better than the ordinary slipper!"—London Answers.

## The Source of Supply.

The sling, or "shanghai," as it is sometimes called by boys, who use it to shoot at birds and any other target that takes their youthful fancy, is an illegal weapon in Melbourne, where the police confiscate every one they see.

One day Bobby, aged five, meeting another "bobby" in blue uniform and brass buttons, asked eagerly, "Is it true that you take shanghais from little boys?"

"Indeed I do," answered "bobby" senior.

"Then will you please give me one?" asked Bobby junior innocently.—Youth's Companion.

## Tiger "Whiskers" as Poison.

In the recollections of a well known big game hunter in India it is stated that after skinning a tiger it is always necessary to guard its whiskers, as the natives have an unpleasant habit of cutting them up very small and mixing them with the curry of those they dislike. The finely divided bristles set up an irritant poison, the result of which often proves serious.—London Globe.

Be a News subscriber.

## EATERS OF CLAY.

**These Queer Folk Are Found in Nearly Every Country.**

In every country there are to be found people with a peculiar appetite that regards earth as a delicacy. It is difficult to account for this curious perversion of taste. At the present time in some parts of Germany, Sweden and Italy earth is baked into bread and is a marketable commodity.

In Germany there is what is called "stone" butter, made from clay. It is spread on bread. The Indians of South America mix clay with their food as a relish, and in west Africa it is quite a common practice to chew a yellow oleaginous clay.

Probably the habit of eating earth had its origin in famine, when it was taken to appease hunger. But in many places it was taken as a tidbit or a delicacy (as some benighted folk in America regard chewing gum) to satisfy a craving of the palate.

In Java the people make regular little red earth cakes, which they carry to market to sell. They are the "fancy" biscuits of that island.

The Chinese eat a white clay which could not by any stretch of imagination be called nutritious, and in India one can get from the chemist pills manufactured from earth of a yellow color, supposed to contain great medicinal properties.

Many women in Assam are addicted to the earth eating habit. In Bengal, more particularly among the middle and lower classes, the habit is widespread. All over India the people indulge their partiality for mother earth. No class or caste is exempt from the practice, though they try to keep it secret. In Calcutta one can buy in the bazaars thin wafers of edible clay.—Pittsburg Press.

## Speechless With Rage.

"Strong emotion," says Darwin, "interrupts the steady flow of nerve force to the muscles." This prevents the proper working of those muscles which are used in speaking; hence the stumbling and incoherence of the speech. "The voice sticks in the throat," to use the words of Virgil. In some cases speech is for a short time impossible, as is seen where a person is said to be "speechless with rage." The hoarseness of the voice is due partly to the fact that passion causes an overaction of all the organs, partly by the fact that for generations harsh and fierce sounds have been made use of to terrify opponents in quarrels, and so have come to be associated instinctively with anger. Possibly the fact also has its influence that the utterance of sounds such as those referred to is in some way or the other a relief to the feelings.

## So Simple.

The little man at the back of the pit had been vainly trying to see round the big, stout fellow in front of him, but not one glimpse of the stage could be obtained. At last he leaned forward and touched the other on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, sir," he said meekly, "but I can't see the stage at all."

"Can't see the stage?" repeated the big man sarcastically. "Well, what do you want me to do—lift you on my shoulder?"

"Hardly that," replied the little man deprecatingly, "but I thought perhaps—"

"Look here," interrupted the big man; "I know how to manage it. Just you keep your eye on me and laugh when I laugh!"—London Chronicle.

## Derivation of the Word Sunday.

The word "Sabbath" is a Hebrew term for a period as well as quality of time and means "rest." In the Bible it is used only with this meaning. Periods of one year or of seven years were thus characterized. Every seventh day was observed by the Hebrews as a weekly "Sabbath." In addition to this day others were appointed in which the obligation to cease from labor was as binding as the observance of the weekly "Sabbath." "Sunday" is so named from the day which was dedicated to the worship of the sun. Christian nations observe it as their "Sabbath," but "Sabbath" is not "Sunday."

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